

PEACHAM'S CENTENNIAL.

(Continued from first page.)

glad I was born there, mostly because there I was brought in contact with men of large minds who had moved there for the benefit of the higher branches of education."

Emma White Merrill of La Crescenta, Cal., a granddaughter of Ezra Carter, wrote, "As my grandfather was a teacher in the Academy and my husband's father a pupil, we should have a special and warm pleasure in attending the ceremonies, but living at the great distance it is impossible for us to be present."

Mrs. Calvin Morrill of St. Johnsbury East wrote, "As I have passed my 86th birthday I can hardly hope to be with you. I recall very vividly the days of my allotment at the Academy. Mr. Bodwell was the preceptor. I well remember his stately step as he walked to and from over the hills of Peacham Corner. I do not forget the church at the top of the hill where Rev. Leonard Worcester of blessed memory expounded the law. His trumpet gave 'no uncertain sound,' but it rang out very clearly when Messrs. Worcester and Butler were imprisoned in Georgia for the crime of preaching to the Indians. Old things are passing away, behold many things are becoming new. I rejoice in the long and successful career of the Peacham school and pray that there may be yet many years in which it shall be a blessing to the community."

Mrs. Isaac W. Worcester, now in Clifton Springs, N. Y., wrote, "I have many tender associations with Peacham and it would have given me great pleasure to be present on this interesting occasion. I do not doubt that the occasion will be a very interesting one and I hope you will feel fully repaid for all your pains incident to such an occasion in the happiness conferred upon the many who will assemble together on Academy hill and revive the memories of the past."

W. D. Harriman of Ann Arbor, Mich., wrote a long letter suggesting that the graduates of the school meet every summer and thus make Peacham a sort of local Chautauque.

J. S. Stevens of Peoria, Ill., wrote, "Many of those who attended the old Academy have played more or less of an important part in it all, and some have contributed materially, in their chosen

homes, to the advancement of mental, moral and material prosperity. Complete failures have been rare among the graduates of the New England academies and colleges and particularly those of Vermont and New Hampshire. Young men were educated or educated themselves for usefulness, and as the means of making a living. They were not sent to school or college because it was fashionable or popular, and because there was a surplus of means with which to defray their expenses, but for the purpose of furnishing and adding to their equipment for the active duties of life, wherever they might be. But very few wasted their meager substance or their time in dissipation and idleness. Most of them, could their career be traced step by step, could give a good account of their stewardship. Peacham Academy laid the foundation for good work and good character in many of the sons of Vermont. The moral influence of the school and the neighborhood laid the foundation for many a character notable throughout life for honor, integrity, conscientiousness and true manhood and noble womanhood."

B. Frank Stevens wrote from London the following letter:

Dear old school fellows: In my days the fellows always embraced the girls. I have recently received several letters and I venture to reply to you collectively.

I am proud to be permitted to join in celebrating the centenary of our school. We have lately been celebrating the fourth centenary of Columbus, the fourth centenary of Cabot, the centenary of our national existence and the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria and now at last, but not least, we have the exceedingly interesting centenary of the Caledonia County Grammar School.

Even the oldest of those gathered together must rely on history and tradition for the tale of the origin of the school as not one of us was then present though many of us may claim that we were within one of it.

The century was in its first octave when my father attended this school sometimes boarding at Col. Blanchard's, the father of the venerable Col. Blanchard with whom I boarded more than forty years later, and sometimes making the daily journey on horseback from Barnet. My father's schoolmates were

hills, this summer, that the academy would receive a forward movement that would raise and keep it at the highest possible level for such a school to attain. Why should not our schools be the best in Vermont? Why should the graduation paper of any other academy be worth more than that of the Caledonia County Grammar School? Cannot those who, because they have been benefited there, are scattered over the world doing good, add this to their bounden duties that of contributing, at least, one dollar a year toward unbuilding this institution of learning? I've wondered, many a time, why we who have taken our life there were not more mindful of our Alma Mater. Let us now begin and help to make this place of instruction, so dear to us, more helpful to the young men and women who are to fill its halls in the future! So many of the old friends of forty years ago, have "gone over to the majority," that I should be well-nigh a stranger; yet, I should so love to tread the old paths, and look into the faces of those who will gather with you next month!

Will you accept two dollars of an order that goes by this mail toward the expense of the centennial, and \$2, my first year's contribution to the fund, I hope will be begun in this year of grace 1897, for the Caledonia County Grammar School? Should the one appointed to receive this letter be one of the friends of '54-'61, remember, you, with all the old associates, are still to memory dear. I am on the altar of service. Some day we shall meet. May it be in peace in the Higher School.

Letters were also read from Mrs. Hannah Evans Hardy of Boston, F. E. Sargent of Anacosta, Mont.; Isaac B. Blake of Peoria, Ill.; C. W. Cowles of Derby Line; Mrs. M. K. Holt of Hardwick; Elsie H. Gould of Evanston, Ill.; Martha F. O. French, Evanston; Sophia P. Orton, Chicago; D. F. Miller, Chicago; D. A. Clark, New York; Sarah S. Nelson, Coln, N. Y.; Dr. D. H. Goodwillie, New York; H. T. Knight, Folsom, Cal.; John Paul, Newport; William G. Thompson, Cambridge, Mass.; Lydia Parker Ripley, Colorado Springs; A. Hagar, Plantagenet, Ontario; E. S. Paquin, Lower Cabot; Fred P. Thompson, Canandaigua, N. Y.; C. C. Chase, Lowell, Mass.; Emily Damon Haines, Cabot; Mary Blanchard Baldwin, St. Paul; Edw. W. Wild, Keene, N. H.

After a medley by the Sherman orchestra, the chairman called upon the graduates for reminiscences.

Mr. Ingram recalled but few of the faces as he had been away 65 years. He had met two schoolmates here today.

He spoke of the visit when he was a school boy of the civil engineer who was surveying for a canal from Lake Champlain to the Connecticut and then related how the engineer had a small engine running around the hall. This led to a remark that perhaps some day engines would supplant canals. Mr. Ingram said he recalled the incident often when he saw all the improvements of steam and electricity today.

Dr. L. F. Parker said he came to Peacham Academy in 1840, a lively year politically for the war cry was "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." The second time he came to the Academy he walked all the way from Coventry to Peacham and carried his goods on his back. He said that Mr. Chase was the best teacher he ever knew and he thought he stood equal to any in the galaxy of Academy teachers.

Mrs. M. C. Wheeler said she recalled vividly the zephyrs and deep snows of the hill. She began school life in 1836 under President Bartlett, a fine and faithful teacher. She recalled distinctly his training in reading. Another teacher, Miss Laura Bradley, was an inspiration to us. She taught us to bring out our very best and we were often astonished that we could do so much. My success, if any, and my enjoyment in life has been greatly due to this old Academy.

Miss Abbie Chamberlain of Washington spoke of the active and successful efforts of the young alumni, the chorus and the two orchestras. She then read a most interesting letter written from Paris from Mr. Chamberlain who was preceptor in the Academy in 1817 and 1818 and was at that time (about 1840) introducing the Morse telegraph into Europe.

Major Josiah Kenerson of Barnet spoke eloquently of Col. Harvey who when he settled in Peacham bought 7000 acres of land for other settlers. He also paid a glowing tribute to Walter Blanchard. He then spoke of the distinguished descendants of these two men. He recalled vividly the semi-centennial and how it rained that day, and closed with a glowing tribute to Prof. Bunker and his wife.

William Chamberlain Strong, president of the Massachusetts Horticultural society, related reminiscences of Rev. Leonard Worcester, preceptor Worcester and his own dear friend and college roommate, William C. Bradley.

Judge Waterman of Chicago felt profoundly thankful to the Peacham people for this reunion. He spoke of the high type of Vermont civilization and said that the homes, the schools and the churches had brought this about.

Judge John S. Conner of Cincinnati said that it was a happy chance that brought him to Peacham for it gave him a true and lasting impression of what education meant. "Next to the sainted memory of my mother the influence of this Academy and Dartmouth College has gone with me through life. You have here the principles of morality, temperance and religion that make men."

Rev. Henry Shaw spoke of the days of the much-loved Thompson and Watts of sainted memory. He also spoke of the pleasures and the training of the old fashioned lyceum.

Mrs. M. C. Hunt read a tribute to Prin. Thompson. Following is her tribute:

We are told that hero worship is of the past, gone with the last arts. But this is not true, nor should it be so. We have no other criterion by which to form our standards of life and character, except the prominent personalities of history and of our acquaintance, the heroes of the past and our own times.

Far away and evil will be the day when the names of Grant and Sherman will cease to be revered as the highest ideals of the citizen soldier; or those of Washington and Lincoln be robbed of the halo of Christian statesmanship with which they are today encircled.

The same principle holds true in the narrower field of our own experience. Those conspicuous personalities of our acquaintance which seem to have had the greatest influence in cultivating our tastes, ennobling our ideals, and so, in moulding our characters, will naturally and of right become our heroes and command our homage. Of such is the subject of this sketch.

Forty years ago this almost present autumn there came to us from the classic halls of Dartmouth a young undergraduate, a youth of only 19 years, to take the helm in this, even then, old and respected institution. Handsome, alert, dignified, suave, he captivated our fancy at the first meeting; and eight years of the intimate relations of teacher and pupil, or the free unconventional social life of a country village, only served to ripen this feeling into the one of affectionate respect with which he became and is still regarded by every one of those fortunate souls who are today alumni of that Halycon decade, '57 to '67.

Coming of the bluest of Puritan stock, his father a learned professor in a New England theological school, his mother a woman of rare breadth and force of character, in a community in which breadth and force were the rule rather than the exception; he imbibed with his home training a conservatism of the highest type; while his hearty, enthusiastic nature made him an earnest sympathizer with all that was best in the advanced order which at that time was beginning to assume control in the realms of thought and in practical affairs.

With the keenest possible sense of humor he never for a moment forgot that humor was neither vulgarity nor cruelty. Sarcasm was a weapon he never wielded. With a cordiality toward all his pupils closely approaching good fellowship, his bearing was such that no pupil was ever known to presume upon a familiarity.

His scholarship, though at that time only of books and schools, was of a thoroughness and finish which left nothing to be desired even for the preceptor of Caledonia County Grammar school. His Christianity was above criticism,

whether measured by the standard of the theologian or the record of a devoted and blameless life.

But perhaps his most notable characteristic was his courage and unwavering manliness and devotion to truth and right, regardless of consequences to himself or his ambitions. During the whole of his sojourn here, no petty jealousy, ever ruffled the serenity of his demeanor, no calumny ever attempted a blot upon his spotless name. His high standard of manhood and womanhood he did his utmost, with skill, and in a kindly manner, to instill into the minds and hearts of those who were so fortunate as to come within the circle of his influence.

And many a man and woman, who were boys and girls 40 years ago, owe whatever inspiration which may have led them to purer, nobler and higher lives to the influence of those teachings. And when the time came that he left us, called to a higher plane of action and a broader field of usefulness, whether in his chosen calling as instructor of youth, at conservative and cultured Arlington; as pioneer, in the new and advanced technical education, at Worcester; as original investigator, in his favorite specialty of expert chemist; or in his last and most notable work, the organization of the great Rose Polytechnic Institute at Terra Haute, in whose service he sacrificed his life in the very prime and vigor of his glorious manhood; every step was one in advance, and the same feeling of affection and respect for his associates, which he inspired here, followed him everywhere to the end.

Is it any wonder then those of us who knew and loved such a man in his youth, his developing and developed manhood, should inscribe in letters of gold upon the tablets of our memories: In honor of Charles Oliver Thompson, the ripe scholar, the wise counselor, the genial comrade, the loyal friend, the high toned Christian gentleman.

Dr. Albert Warden spoke upon "Helpful Training," and he was followed by Rev. P. B. Fisk of Lyndon, who related many reminiscences of Dr. Lyman Watts. He spoke of his proficiency in mathematics while in the Academy and afterwards of his work in the ministry. He said he was one of the overcomers.

Edward H. McLachlin was the last speaker and he paid a fine tribute to Prof. and Mrs. C. A. Bunker. He was frequently interrupted by applause and among other good things he said: "For 30 years he has gone out before this people. He had two notable characteristics, painstaking accuracy in his instruction and his firmness in discipline. The ideal teacher must teach and govern. He must be a polite and courteous gentleman, a gifted and thorough instructor and a genial companion. Mr. Bunker possessed all these characteristics. But I must give a full share of credit to her who labored so faithfully and so well as preceptress from 1869 to 1895. We all loved Mrs. Bunker. She was always ready to forgive our shortcomings and to say cheering words for our earnest efforts."

After the "Hallelujah Chorus" by the chorus, Prof. Fred L. Gibson of Ryegate recited the following poem:

Centennial Ode.
Why today is Peacham crowded?
Why today has this old town
Guarded itself in flags and flowers,
Donned a gay and festive gown?
Why with speeches, rites and music
Are the hours continuous spent?
What's the spring of all this action,
What's its meaning, cause, intent?

When a nation's arms have triumphed
Over a foe, and a trumpet boom
And the exultant shouts of millions
Read the startled, vibrant air;
When a sovereign's reign has lengthened
To a term of three-score years—
Then a new world in four centuries
Finds an rivals and no peer—
When a nation's pride o'erflowing
Builds a city like a dream
O'er a world of seven pagans
So vast, all others pinnacles seem.

Here the ardor and devotion
That with a magnetic power
Gathers from the Atlantic seaboard
To where Rocky Mountains tower—
Here the fervor and the feeling
That as one, makes all these hearts
Spring from love of Alma Mater
Primal school in all these parts.

Pounded when scarce broken forests
Covered all the country's face,
Who the catamount and wild deer
And the wilder fiercer race
Were so life that younger learners
Anxious seemed each bush and tree
Viewed the rocks with terror, thinking
There a lurking foe might be,
On a midnight midnight
A new classic sacred hill
Long ago her fires were lighted
And brightly burning still.

Founded by the Peacham spirit
A full century ago,
That same spirit's care and nurture
Made her great and prosperous grow.
In a genial atmosphere
Of union and good will
Braced and propped by public favor
Bared from every bias of ill
She has been the township's darling
And her children from afar
From her merits and contagion
Equally her lovers are.

'Round her domicile the breezes
Softly blow in summer time
And in winter's reign the Boreas
Brings the snow and sleet and rime.
Every trait of character—
Every thoughtful, gentle mood,
Every hardening, toughening process
Finds in Peacham weather food.

Wide is her extended outlook
Over lake and vale and hill
Breeding breadth and manliness of vision
For the strife with human ill.
Grand are the two mountain ranges—
The near Green ones—the far White—
Teaching us in all our living
To be noble, stable, right.

Providence and nature surely
On this school have seemed to smile.
One hundred years of usefulness!
Who of us will serve that while.
To her corps of faithful teachers
Acting, living, gone,
Now we pay the grateful tribute
For their work so nobly done.

Doctors, lawyers, teachers, preachers,
Editors, men of affairs
All successful, foremost, famous
In their several walks and chairs
Testify their Alma Mater
Was efficient in the past
And deserves a glorious future
That shall without limit last.

In the hands of her Alumni
To the current of that tide
Here today so strongly flowing—
To the potent local pride—
To the tireless Peacham spirit
Ever brave to plan and do—
And to Freedom leave her,
These will surely see her through.

The afternoon exercises closed with "America" sung by the audience.

The Concert.
The centennial concert in the Congregational church was a fitting ending to the day's festivities and was largely attended. The Neapolitan orchestra in their native dress made a big hit and all

the rest of the parts were well received. Following is the programme:

Overture, Sherman Orchestra
Song, Signor Giovanni
Neapolitan Orchestra
Cornet Solo, G. D. Sherman
Hungarian Fantasia, Sherman Orchestra
Selection, Miss Kierston
Selection, Neapolitan Orchestra
Song, "Amorita," Miss Browne
Chorus, led by Prof. H. H. May
Selection, Neapolitan Orchestra
Clarinet Solo, W. H. Sherman
Medley, Sherman Orchestra
Recitation, Miss Nellie M. Harvey
Neapolitan Orchestra
Selection, Prof. H. H. May
Song, Sherman Orchestra
Violin Solo—"Ave Maria," Signor Liguati
Chorus, led by Prof. H. H. May
Song, Sherman Orchestra
Intermezzo "Cavalleria Rusticana" and the "Pilgrims' Chorus," by the combined Orchestras.

Temperance Camp-Meeting.—A camp-meeting under the auspices of the Vermont W. C. T. U. will be held at the Lyndonville camp grounds Aug. 23-30. A fine programme has been arranged. A school of methods will be conducted daily by Mrs. Helen G. Rice of Boston, national superintendent of Loyal Temperance Legion work, and our state secretary, Mrs. Gratia E. Davidson with speakers from our state and outside to contribute to the helpfulness of the hour.

We shall have days when Home and Foreign missions will be represented by able speakers. Especial attention will be given to the children, having daily lessons for the little ones in Kindergarten and one special day for the Loyal Temperance Legion of the state. Let us hope every boy and girl that can will be with us to join in the rallying cry of our state. We are expecting not only our state superintendent, Mrs. E. A. Kenyon, and our national superintendent, Mrs. Helen G. Rice of Boston, but we hope also our world's superintendent of L. T. L., Anna Gordon, will address the children. A class in physical culture will be held morning and afternoon and motherhood lessons each day under the leadership of our state superintendent of kindergarten work.

Those who desire to board themselves can obtain rooms in the cottages or board can be had at reasonable rates on the ground, or in the village less than a quarter of a mile away. Board can be obtained on the ground for visitors at 75 cents a day.

A fine array of speakers will make each day attractive. Jennie Fowler Willing, M. A., sister of Bishop Fowler of San Francisco, comes to us from her mission in New York City to show us how the "other half" live in our great cities. Mrs. S. Louise Barton, of the Evangelical Association of Boston W. C. T. U. and vice chairman of the board of directors for the Massachusetts Total Abstinence society, will make an address and assist in the school of methods. Other speakers will be Mrs. E. T. Housh of Boston, national superintendent of literature; Mrs. Emilie D. Martin of New York City, national superintendent of promotion of purity in literature and art and secretary of the Woman's Synodical Home Missions of the Presbyterian church of the United States; Hon. John C. Martin of New York, secretary of the executive committee of the Society for the Suppression of Vice; Mrs. Hannah J. Bailey of Winthrop, national superintendent of peace and arbitration, is expected; Mrs. L. M. Stevens, president of Maine W. C. T. U., and Miss Agnes Slack of London, secretary of the World's W. C. T. U., will arrive from England soon and are expected to be present at the latter part of the meeting. It is hoped the leader of the National and World's W. C. T. U., Miss Frances E. Willard, will be present.

At the close of the meeting, Aug. 30, a tree planting will be held in memory of Madam Willard, at Danville, Madam Willard's old home.

America's Largest Shows United.
In the copartnership perfected last year between J. A. Bailey and the Sells Brothers, and to which the former contributed the great and noted Adom Forepaugh Show and the latter tremendous united shows which have made their name a household word on the American Continent and in the Antipodes, the millennium and apotheosis of the most popular entertainment seems to have been reached. In place of the lion and lamb lying down together and being led by a little child, two big herds of performing elephants, tremendous hippopotamuses, trained sea lions and seals, and all the other savage and exceedingly rare wild beasts and birds belonging to the two most famous and most complete menageries in the world, are harmoniously grouped, aggregated, performed, and led through a captivated country, by unquestionably the biggest consolidation of managerial brains ever enlisted in a single enterprise and backed by capital practically unlimited. The announced names of the male and female hippopotamuses, equestrian, acrobatic, eccentric, comic and special talent indicates that the racing, circus, aerial, and amusing features of this formidable federation surpass all preceding showing, while the double street parade will be a colossal and entrancing wonder in its way. The most strangely sensational novelty announced is the appearance of two remarkable aerialists, who, while riding an inverted bicycle, in an inverted posture, upon a high inverted track, perform incredible feats with nothing apparent to prevent them and their bike from being dashed headlong to pieces.

As the purpose of this unity is to exhibit a great deal more than heretofore, without advancing prices, it is one combine which the public will heartily approve of. Moreover, the effect will be to prevent the invasions of inferior shows, and to protect the community from imposition and swindling devices.

The consolidation of America's greatest shows will exhibit in St. Johnsbury on Tuesday, Aug. 24.

Pop, are the Irish great inventors? Tommy's Pop—I have never heard so, my boy, Tommy—Then why do we always see "Pat" applied for on everything?—[Philadelphia Record.

Tommy—Isn't it funny, ma, how ignorant it makes a man, when he gets to be a patriot?

Ma—Why, Tommy, what gave you that idea?

Tommy—Why, ma, didn't the lecturer say last night the man who is a patriot should know no north nor south nor east nor west?—[Richmond Dispatch.

What Do the Children Drink?
Don't give them tea or coffee. Have you tried the new food drink called Grain-O? It is delicious and nourishing and takes the place of coffee. The more Grain-O you give the children the more health you distribute through their systems. Grain-O is made of pure grains, and when properly prepared tastes like the choice grades of coffee but costs about 1/4 as much. All grocers sell it. 15c and 25c.

"Permit me, then, to die at your feet!" he cried, desperately.

She shivered.

"I see no objection to that," she answered. "All papa said was that you mustn't hang around here."—[Puck.

Shake Into Your Shoes.
Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. Trial package free. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

"It's surprising how impracticable some very learned men are." "Yes; there's Prof. Linguist, for example. He spent over half his life in acquiring fluency in nine or ten different languages, and then went and married a wife who never gives him a chance to get a word in edgeways."—[Truth.

Sarsaparilla Sense.
Any sarsaparilla is sarsaparilla. True. So any tea is tea. So any flour is flour. But grades differ. You want the best. It's so with sarsaparilla. There are grades. You want the best. If you understood sarsaparilla as well as you do tea and flour it would be easy to determine. But you don't. How should you? When you are going to buy a commodity whose value you don't know, you pick out an old established house to trade with, and trust their experience and reputation. Do so when buying sarsaparilla.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been on the market 50 years. Your grandfather used Ayer's. It is a reputable medicine. There are many Sarsaparillas—but only one Ayer's. It cures.

Walking Made Easy.
DR. E. L. MOREY, Chiropodist, Formerly with N. Kenison & Sons of Boston, will be at the

St. Johnsbury House,
Monday, Aug. 9.
Office Hours, 9 a. m. to 7 p. m.
Corns and Bunions, 25c. each. Ingrowing nails, 50c. to \$1.00.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

St. Johnsbury Academy
FIFTY-FIFTH YEAR.
The next school year begins Tuesday, September 7, at 9:30 a. m.
For Catalogues or general information address

D. Y. COMSTOCK,
Principal.

CHEW GUM
A prominent dentist of this place recommended a patient to chew spruce gum, and gave as his reasons that the teeth needed exercise and that the gum would also help to remove particles of food from between the teeth. We have some very nice spruce gum at 10 cents per ounce.

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"It's surprising how impracticable some very learned men are." "Yes; there's Prof. Linguist, for example. He spent over half his life in acquiring fluency in nine or ten different languages, and then went and married a wife who never gives him a chance to get a word in edgeways."—[Truth.

Sarsaparilla Sense.
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